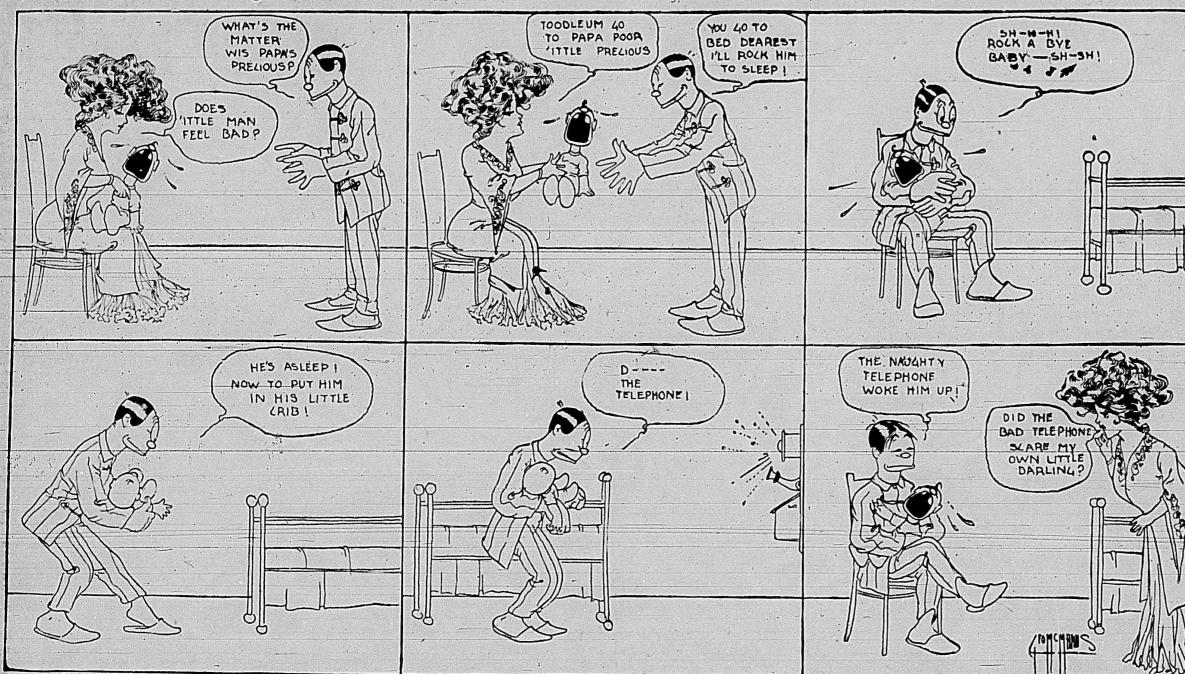
# The Evening world Dally 12 Baby & Rv George McManus 3 "The Round Up" Gospel: The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus





the Counter" showed at the Herald Square. Theatre last night, Englishman must take off his "topper" to the American idapter American stage director, who so often are charged with being meddlers



Lew Fields as Henry Schniff.

wisdom born of experience by going back to first principles, these self-same who knows the sort of humor blooming cereus. In other words, Mr. Women look like freaks in them!" ing xylophone, to the big red cherry, boas. They run the hoa around the hat and let the end hang down their backs!" in a human cocktail that went with that wonder of wonders, a new drinking Jarr.

Fun mixed it up with color, and color mixed it up with music, until Success, with a joyous, capital S, danced through the whole performance without once stopping to catch its breath.

"The Girl Behind the Counter" deliv ered the goods, with American trimmings that left no doubt as to the Whatever Mr. Smith did, he did well, and judging by the fun he did a great deal, Mr. Mitchell, for his part, new with the Pony Ballet. This hard-working British-American institution got ably, capes out of its English ways and into new costumes beyond the wildest dreams of its

rarebit days. Aside from the 'ponies," who, like Peter Pan, refuse to grow up, there was ande from the "ponies," who, like Feber Pain, relied to grow up, there was of shoulder and are southing English about the piece except the music and Miss Connie Ediss. And altogether charmens both were good. The music was light and gay, and Miss Ediss was gay but ing in effect. Illustrately, if the London-lady's weight were given, Miss Irwin might go back to cost that includes sweets, Marie Cahill to creamed potatoes, and Marie Dressler to Far Rockaway a circular one and systems, so let's not start a contest. It is enough to say that Miss Ediss was which is exceedeyesters, so let's not start a contest. It is enough to say that a mind to dash into ingly attractive. In snough. She was a reformed landlady, she was! with a mind to dash into this case it is made cockney, oh, 'Ennery! Henry Schniff | Cloth trimmed with

"society," yes, she had! and an accent cockney, oh, 'Ennery! Henry Schniff owed her a four years' board bill, and she was taking it out in matrimony.

Mr. Fields was very happy as the unever a part that at last fitted him, He looked as though the large lady had him, but when she said as much he was man enough to retort: "Well, you have made it an endless chain—every-body's sorry for me now." And when before, and wondered where he was, what did Henry say? "Wherever he is, he's got the laugh on me." In spite of matrimony, time flow with Henry, This came out in a conversation with his caughter on his wife's side. "And tomorrow is my golden wedding!" he remarked. "Why, father," exclaimed the simple stepohild, "you've only been married a little over a year." "Is the

and Hearn bitterly.

The Edies believed herself in dether the wolce sound soft as west by comparison, and she sang "Eh?"

Ah? Oh?" and another little thing about the penalty of marrying a millionaire that got over the footlights without killing anybody. Even when it comes ding, you can't help feeling that Louise Dresser as Millie in her song: Miss Edies is good for you.

"Passing By." Mr. Fields's best opportunity came when he turned head waiter and talked to five of the weirdest waiters that ever d for a tip. There was the side-whiskered waiter, whose face wasn't inenough; the walter who looked tougher than a cheap steak; the fat walter, who looked as though he were glad to see people come into the place;

all, finger-bowl waiter, and the mock duck waiter. If you like the lively, pretty, funeful sort of thing-and who doesn't?-you see "The Cirl Behind the Counter," She's the best musical comedy girl season.

"They don't look any different to me," said Mr. look bum, so I'm going to get a \$5 one. It's cheaper in

asked Mrs. Jarr. "I'm talking about women's hats, and the styles this fall look as if they were designed in a mad-"Well I should say they do!" said Mr. Jarr, & They look

like a washbowl turned upside down." Mrs. Jarr regarded him with pitying scorn

and in Julian Mitchell, who knows how to make the stage blossom like a night. The Fliffy Whiffles hat is what they are wearing now, The craziest things!

that his new piece scored a real, old- look lopsided. And the way they are trimmed! How many birds' wings do you, think Mrs. Kittingly has on hers? Why, Ballet, transformed into a human, danc- that women are actually trimming them with feather boas! Yes, sir, feather in it! What does he care.

"So nothing but a feather boa goes in trimming a hat this fall?" asked Mr. "Didn't I tell you they used bird wings? The biggest sort, albatross made up wings-anything: Six at least, and, as I said, Mrs. Kittingly has put on sixteen."

"Oh, the bird on Nellie's hat is only winging, then?" said Mr. Jarr; "and

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Girl's Coat-Pattern No. 5790.

Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-TON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT-Write your name and address plainly, and oiways specify size wanted.

By Roy L. McCardell, lowers are on some of the hats. Big crimson peonical

"Feathers and flowers, then?" said Mr. Jarr, "Yes, and fruit," said Mrs. Jarr. "Grapes, peaches. Bunches and bunches hem, till a hat looks like one of those old-fashioned wax flower parlor pieces, mly they are not under glass. And little oranges'-"And lemons?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No, not lemons!" said Mrs. Jarr sarcastically. "You needn't think you're

"What are the foundations built of?" asken Mr. Jarr. "Angle iron?"
"Felt or satin. Satin hats are the costliest," replied Mrs. Jarr. "And you year buckles if you want to. Buckles made of cut steel or rhinestones or leather

Mrs. Jarr regarded him with pitying scorn.

"That shows how much you notice!" she said, "Why, he mushroom hat is have gone completely out. They may be wearing them in 2-partial Indiana, but if you went anywhere in this town with one on you'd be aughed at."

"I'll have to look around and see them," said Mr. Jarr. "Why don't they couldn't women do light housekeeping in theirs, if they are so big?

"I's uppose I would," said Mr. Jarr: "but the women wear them in this town." I'm suppose I would," said Mr. Jarr: "but the women wear them in this town." A cook stove would decorate a hat fine and be useful as well as ornamental, and they couldn't women hat is not worn any more.

"I's uppose I would," said Mr. Jarr: "but the women wear them in this town." A cook stove would decorate a hat fine and be useful as well as ornamental, and they could string a few lines across them and use them to dry clothes on. They'd both hates me because of a thorough hains by the boys." look fine trimmed with a purple kimono or a red finnel underwhirt drying in Dick was engaged to Echo before he the Warning.

ear the lop-sided fall hats yourself."

"That means you'll stick to safe and sane styles?" "Oh, do you think I'm going to look like a shopper from Weehawken?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "No, I found one that is rather becoming to me. Of course it isn't as

## Health and Beauty.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

reekly "At Homes" for health and beauty seekers will be resumed next Tuesday at Room 48. Pulitser Building (third floor), and will be continued each Tuesday, from 4 to 6 P. M. Pimples.

Miss Margaret Hubbard Ayer's

K .- Boys of your age are neually subject to pimples. Here is a formula which will heal them. Take plenty of exercise, sat wholeseme food, bathe every day and drink a great deal of water. This is the best way I know of for warding, off mond oil, 5 grams; sulphur precipitate, 5 grains; oxide of sinc, 21-2 grams; extract of violet, 10 drops. Apply a very little of the cream to each pimple; walt until the pimples are cured before using the face brush, which might irritate them. Eyebrow Grower.

M. S.-Here is the eyebrow grower formula requested: Red vaseline. two ounces; tincture catharides. one-eighth ounce; oil of lavender, oil

### How's Your Luck?

Horoscope for To-Day. By Ali Baha Bos.

Wednesday, October 2, 1907.

mencing new undertakings and for consulting clergymen, Those whose birthdate this is will

bave a most successful year, in which money will come to them, while their social and family affairs will please them. Those in employ will be promoted. Young women will have offers of marriage.

The boy born to-day will be lucky and will rise rapidly in life. Train him to concentration.

The girl born to-day will marry well and tangely.

"If you just want to keep her lovin' and lovin' you all you've got to do is to treat her white and play square with her."

A Wedding Day Warning to Echo Allen's Hueband.

The Round Up.

(A Romance founded on the great play of 'he same name.)

By John Murray.

By John Murray.

By John Murray.

Synopsis of preceding chapters.

Jack Payson, owner of the Lasy K. ranch in Arisons, is about in marry Echo, the beautiful daughter-of Jim Alien, and side and his beautiful daughter-of Jim Alien, and side and his supposed to here been killed by Apaches, but who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and in a Mexican bout who is resulty alive and of cowboys—hospital. The sulty alive and the delay. "Bilm" Hoover, the fat sheriff of the county, enters, bearing news of the robbery and nerves to both and beautiful and planning to summon a station agent, and planning to summon is station agent, and planning to summon a station agent, and planning to summon a below were made the vectimes as Polly had led the bonversetton in that kind to Bild because of the affection has been killed and his body despotted of the county, enters, bearing news of the robbins of the

embrace and with a smile of satisfacion sighed contentedly:

"That's something like it. What's the use of bein' engaged to a feller if you too happy."

effort. He realized that if he did not show more interest in the girl and the

Here I am, been workin' for Payson

Bud felt as if he had a real grievance.

They'd brother Dick. He hates me because lrying in Dick was engaged to Echo before he went away to get killed—if ever he was killed. He hates to think of Dick, his friend, whose girl he is goin' to stent to-night"—

"Bud!" interrupted Polly shocked and surprised by the outbreak.

"He's Stealing Her!"

"He's stealin' her!" the boy raced on. "Dick ain't dead. I don't feel I in my bones that he is dead. They found a whole bunch of cartridges. He put up a good fight. The shells show that. No'one found his body and the Apaches they never take no prisoners. You can't make me believe lited and to-night she is goin' to marry Payson. After only two years of waiting."

"Beems like, if he was alva, he is went all."

"The sweetest girl in the territory"—began Jack. "You bet she is," Polly broke in. "You bet she is," Polly broke in."

"The sweetest girl in the territory"—began Jack. "You bet she is," Polly broke in."

Hoover also secretly loves. Knowing they are not yet suspected McKee and Bud Langer are not yet suspected McKee and subbed by Polly, who proceeds to tell the panic-stricken Bud the details of the murder.

\*\*CHAPTER VI.\*\*

(Continued.)

\*\*The Slayer.\*\*

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(Continued.)

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\*\*Polly, however, could see no reason for his evident haste to leave her.

She felt-hurt. but thought his actions with McKee.

"You ain't ever told me how I look," she asked, seeking to detain him-"You look fine," complimented Bud.

"When a feller hasn't seen a feller in six days seems like a feller ought to brace up and start something," replied Polly in an injured tone.

Bud smilled in spite of his fears. Catching the girl in his arms, he kissed her and sald:

"I was waitin' for the chance."

Polly disengaged herself from his embrace and with a smill of satisfaction.

Bud switch a feller cought to have a substance of the plainsman in a city or on a holiday.

"Well, it's about time that you get here," said Polly with a sign of relief. "It stopped over to Sam Terrill's te see about something that I ordered from Kansas City."

"I stopped over to Sam Terrill's to see about something that I ordered from Kansas City."

Bud started guiltilly, Controlling himself with an effort he asked: "You didn't see him, did you?"

"He wasn't at home. Must have been down at the station. His wife is up Florence way. There wasn't nobody there at all."

Polity isld her hand on Payson's arm and told him briefly of the shooting of Terrill.

"Whe shot him?" he asked when she had finished.

"They don't know—he was robbed of a pile of money—Slim Hoover's just rode over to get a posse," she replied, looking toward the door. At this bit of information Payson became anxious

of rosemary, 15 drops each. Apply to the eyebrows with a tiny tooth brush once a day until the growth is sufficiently stimulated; then less often.

The sweetest girl in the written?"

"The sweetest girl in the written?"

"The sweetest girl in the written?"

began Jack.

"You bet she is." Polly broke in.

"If you just want to keep her lovin' and lovin' you, all you've got to do is to treat her white and play square with her?"

"Bud's vehemence.

"How do you know that he is not written?"

"The sweetest girl in the written?"

began Jack.

"You bet she is." Polly broke in.

"If you just want to keep her lovin' and lovin' you, all you've got to do is to treat her white and play square with her?"

"Play square with her?" thought Payson. Was he playing square with her?"

them. Scrub your face with a complexion brush and pure blend soap, rinsing afterward in several clear waters, and your skin will have the clean, fresh appearance you desire.

Bud!" gasped Polly. These accumulations were coming too fast for her to answer.

"You can't tell what a man might do in a case like that. Perhaps Dick's both Allen you might as well crawl out railroad, prospectify down in the Ghost Range, where he has been tryin' to locate the lost lode. There's lots of

Lane. A letter from Mexico was brief but disturbing. Dick wrote he was on his way home. He had been very sick, but was on the high road to sealth. When they met he would tell Jack what had happened. Meantime he asked Jack to break the news to Echo and hand her a letter which he inclosed.

The position in which Jack was placed was a cruel one. He felt that Echo loved him, but she had pledged her word to Lane. She thought him dead. "If she learned he was alive and coming back to Arizona, would she break her engagement with him?" he asked himself. She had assured the wanderer she would wait for him. Echo was a woman to whom a pledge was sacred. With her the giving of a pledge meant more than a solemn oath.

Payson feared to take the risk. Lane would be his rival in love. Echo would not marry him under the ofrcumstances. Once her husband, he felt that he could make her forget Lane.

To Echo he said nothing of the letter from her former sweetheart. Much as he tried to avoid thinking of his meanness and his deception to the woman he was to marry, his conscience gave him little rest. Polly's warning to treat Echo fairly stung him to the quick. Echo fairly stung him to the quick. But it was too late now, and he made up his mind that he must go to the altar with a lie in his heart.

Hud told Echo that Jack had arrived. With a cry of joy she ran to greet him. Polly remained to tease a bit before she joined Bud in the living room of the ranch house.

"Well, this is a nice time"— began Echo, running across the courtyard to welcome Jack.

Polly stopped her with a serious look.



